

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 38 No. 9

September 15, 1969

Whole No. 444

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 16 Stories of the Klondike Gold Rush

(Conclusion)

By J. Edward Leithead



DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 117

BOYS OF NEW YORK POCKET LIBRARY

Publisher: Frank Tousey, 34 & 36 No. Moore Street, New York, N. Y.
 Dates: October 23, 1880 to January 31, 1885. Schedule of Issue: Weekly (first few issues were issued semi-monthly). Issues: 224 (highest number seen advertised). Price: 5c. Size: 7x10". Pages: 32. Illustrations: Black and white cover. Contents: Adventure stories of every description. All of the stories were later reprinted in Boys Star Library and some found their way into the All Around Weekly published in 1910.

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 16 Stories of the Klondike Gold Rush

(Conclusion)

By J. Edward Leithead

"As the sun went down, they still stood by the stern rail, looking back at the receding land and discussing their prospects, when a flashily-dressed young man, with a banjo in a green bag swung over his shoulder, came suddenly up behind them and slapped Ned familiarly on the back, exclaiming:

"Well, Young Klondike, what do you think of it? Great, huh? By Jove, we're going to make the crack run of the season. My name's Ralph Dawley. I'm going to the Klondike or I'm going to blazes, one of the two. Have a drink?"

"Thank you, but I don't use the stuff." Ned made no move to accept the proffered flask.

"Don't, eh? How the blazes you expect to get along in Alaska without a nip of whiskey once in awhile? It sells for a dollar a drink in Dawson, and I've got five barrels aboard I'm taking out on spec."

"Guess I can manage without it in Alaska just as well as in the States!

"Don't you believe it. It's colder'n blazes up there."

"Colder than blazes is good. Better stuff it and hang it up in your stateroom."

"Now you're laughing at me, Young Klondike. Well, I'm half-shot I'll admit!"

"You look it."

"Do I? Thought I never gave myself away. I'll give you a tune, though. Here goes."

"Thus saying, Mr. Dawley unslung his banjo, and after thumbing the

strings a few moments, started playing and singing with great gusto. If he had been the only one at it on deck that pleasant September night, he might have drawn a crowd, but there were several other banjos going, and the boys and their companion attracted no special attention.

"Suddenly Ned's eyes opened wide. Dick saw what he saw, but Dawley didn't, for he was too busy with his banjo. A man was stealing toward Dawley across the deck. He was an odd-looking person, short and rather stout, with big cavalry boots coming up over his knees and a shiny tall hat set on the back of his head. There was a squint to his left eye, which kept winking rapidly. He held up his finger to the boys to keep silent.

"The Great Unknown!" thought Ned, and then the man's hand clamped down on Dawley's shoulder with force enough to send the banjo ringing to the deck.

"By the Jumping Jeremiah! I've got you at last!" he exclaimed. "Stick out your hands while I snap the bracelets on!"

"Dawley sprang to his feet and tearing himself free, seized the Great Unknown by the throat. 'Who's got me!' he yelled. 'What you got me for? Say, you—'

"Ye gods and little fishes! Wrong again!" gasped the Unknown. 'I beg your pardon, my friend. I've made a mistake.'

"Well, you'd better not make it again with me! I've a good mind to bend it over your blasted head!"

DIME NOVEL ROUNDUP—Vol. 38, No. 9, Whole No. 444, September 15, 1969
Published monthly at 821 Vermont St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Edited by Edward T. LeBlanc, 87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720. Second class postage paid at Lawrence, Kansas. Assistant Editor, Ralph F. Cummings, 161 Pleasant St., South Grafton, Mass. 01560. Subscription: \$3.00 per year. Ad Rates—9c per word, \$1.50 per column inch; \$3.25 per quarter page, \$4.50 per half page and \$7.50 per page. Ads should be submitted by the 15th of the month in order to assure publication in the following month's issue.

"Which would bust your banjo and damage my Dunlap hat, all to no purpose. Far better break the neck of a bottle and settle it with a drink."

"Not much! Yes, I will, though, if you'll pay for it."

"Pay for it! Ha, ha! That's good! Here I am ready to jump into Puget Sound and drown myself for my blunder! It is I who should be treated, not you. Why, I'm entirely ready to forgive and take a drink at your expense."

"Here the Unknown winked at the boys with such a comical expression they couldn't help laughing outright."

"Well, I don't mind, we'll have a drink," said Dawley, joining in the laugh.

"Out came the flask. The Unknown took a long pull."

"Drop it!" cried Dawley. "And whiskey a dollar a drink at Dawson. Drop it, I say!"

"Friend, I never drop a good thing until I have to," chuckled the Unknown, handing back the flask.

"It's the last drink you'll ever have on me," growled Dawley. "What's your name? Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm a private detective and my name is Smith," replied the Unknown, winking at Ned. "Say, young fellow, haven't I seen you before?"

"You bet," laughed Ned.

Smith, of course, isn't the Unknown's name—he gives a half dozen or more as the story runs on. In pinpointing where he met Ned Golden, he mentions Louisville, Kentucky, New Orleans, La., Rio Janeiro, Paris, then hits it—"the corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, a couple of weeks ago." He explains that for ten years he has been after his quarry in all parts of the world except the Klondike, where he is now headed.

"What did this criminal do?" asked Dawley.

"Stole a pair of boots from a second-hand shoe store in Baxter Street" replied the Unknown. "There was a million dollar bill in the toe of the left boot."

Ned and Dick find that the Great

Unknown has the top berth in their stateroom.

"Ned Golden thought he was quite a sailor. It was not until after the Sarah B. Hyde had passed out of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, onto the broad waters of the Pacific, that he knew what being a good sailor actually implied. When the Sarah B. first entered upon the Pacific, the ocean was like a mill pond, as smooth as glass, with a long steady swell, which gave to the little steamer a motion rather agreeable than otherwise."

It was a different story the following night. A storm was predicted. When Ned and Dick went to bed, all seemed peaceful. The Unknown was snoring in the top berth. "The last Ned remembered was counting the intervals between his snores, and then all at once there was a terrific bang, and he sprang up just in time to see a dark form go plunging out of the stateroom, the door slamming behind him. He had been asleep for hours. The steamer was rolling and pitching at a fearful rate."

"The Unknown called from the top bunk, 'Your money, Ned. It is safe?'"

"Ned clapped a hand to the money-belt about his waist. The four hundred dollars were intact. 'Who was that ran out the door?'"

"I'm not sure, but he got my boot alongside his head. Trying to rob you and Dick, he was."

"Before Ned could reply he was thrown violently against the washstand and then went sprawling on the floor. Dick, starting to get out of his bunk, was hurled back upon it. Both struggled into their clothes and made their way to the passenger deck, where the Unknown joined them."

"Great sight, isn't it?" the latter said, staring wide-eyed at the mountainous waves. "Good Lord, how the wind does blow! I've seen worse storms, but this is bad enough."

The sturdy Sarah B. rode out the storm, but later, long after daylight, a small steamer was sighted ahead and in evident distress from battling the storm. "It seemed to be on the

verge of sinking. Her deck, swept clear of everything movable, was now almost on a level with the water; she was laboring heavily, every wave crashing clear over her from stem to stern. There was no living thing to be seen on the deck except a big black Newfoundland dog, which was running about, barking wildly.

"There's nobody aboard," decided Captain Forrest, after studying the hapless vessel.

"But Ned Golden's eyes were sharper than the rest. He was sure that was a thin white hand waving out of the window of the little deck-house, which covered the cabin stairway. He pointed it out excitedly.

"Captain Forrest fixed his glass on the wreck. 'Mr. Rogers,' he called to the mate, 'man the starboard boat and pull over there. We need volunteers—say, six altogether.'

"Ned and Dick and the Unknown were first to step forward . . . the lifeboat, containing six including the mate, was lowered. Those at the oars pulled away with a will. Tough work! Hard pulling! Death staring them in the face every instant in that troubled, treacherous sea!

"Ahoy, there! On board the wreck!" bawled Rogers as they came alongside. No answer but the wild barking of the dog. The hand did not come out of the cabin window again. They were close enough to the slowly settling wreck for Ned to catch hold of a rope dangling from one of the davits. Dick followed him as he went over the deck rail, to be greeted by the dog with joyous yelps.

"The sight which met Ned Golden's gaze inside the deck-house was enough to move a heart of stone. There, stretched upon the floor, lay a sweet-faced girl of about his own age. Her golden hair was unfastened and trailed in the water that had collected on the heaving floor. In spite of her closed eyes, the deathly whiteness of her skin, she still lived. Bracing his feet on the slippery planking, Ned picked her up. He met Dick at the entrance, the big Newfoundland frisking about both. The mate, standing in the life-boat below with arms

outspread, cried at sight of Ned's burden:

"Let her drop, lad! I'll catch her!"

"The dog was in the way, and Ned spoke to Dick, 'Throw down the dog first, will you?'

"The Newfoundland seemed to understand what was wanted, and with a sudden leap, cleared the rail and landed in the boat.

"That's her dog, I'll bet a hat!" exclaimed the Unknown.

It was, name of Rover, and she was Edith Welton, of San Francisco. When she recovered consciousness aboard the Sarah B., of course she asked to see her rescuers first thing. She had been abandoned, because she would not leave Rover behind, by the captain, the crew and the other passengers when it was certain The Swan, with a hole in the hull and her pumps not working properly, would sink. But she had seen all four life-boats swamped before they had gone two hundred yards from the doomed steamer. Her father was employed by the Alaska Commercial Company and she was going to join him in Juneau.

"Ned said, 'We are bound for the Klondike, too, and I hope we may be in the same party when we leave Dyea.'

"At last the stewardess, who had been in and out, hinted that it was time for them to be going. Dick picked up the black grip he had brought off the wreck. Edith Welton had said it wasn't hers; and when he and Ned got to their stateroom, where the Unknown had already gone to bed, Dick managed to pry the grip open with his pocket knife. There were shirts and collars inside, a new suit of clothes. Money also, a thin roll. Dick stared at the top greenback, gasping, 'A thousand dollar bill!'

"There were five of them, what seemed to the boys a princely fortune. And this was Dick Luckey's luck!

"Of all the steamers that left the Pacific ports for Alaska at the outbreak of the gold rush, none made a quicker or more successful trip than the Sarah B. Hyde. In due time the boys had the satisfaction of see-

ing the town of Juneau rise out of the sea. They found it a beehive of activity when they went ashore.

"Crowds flocked down to the wharf to witness the arrival of the Klondikers, but there was to be no long stop here. It was at Dyea further up the inlet that the first stage of the long journey came to an end. Compared with Juneau, Dyea is as nothing. In fact, Juneau may be called the metropolis of Alaska, having far outstripped Sitka, the capital.

"Edith Welton, visiting the office of the Alaska Commercial Company, was surprised and disappointed to learn her father had been transferred to the Skagway branch. But, since she must continue her journey, she was glad to have Ned and Dick for company, and they, of course, were highly pleased to have Edith along.

"They managed to get an hour or two on shore to see the sights, Edith and the Unknown accompanying them. They found the streets of Juneau narrow, crooked and muddy, with stumps of trees scattered right and left. There were three or four churches, three school houses and two theaters, with saloons enough for a population of five thousand, although Juneau can boast of only three thousand souls.

"But the principal point of attraction was the great Treadwell gold mill, the largest plant of its kind in the world. Here, night and day, six hundred and forty stamps are running, crushing six hundred tons of ore in the twenty-four hours, of an average value of from three to seven dollars per ton. This ore is mined like stone in a quarry and the supply is inexhaustible. The formen who showed the party around the mill explained that no such ore would begin to pay the individual miner, but could only be worked by the capital-ist on a large scale.

"That was a pleasant day in Juneau, and the boys looked back upon it regretfully when they found themselves in the stuffy little room in the boarding-house at Dyea. Edith went with the stewardess and the Unknown likewise disappeared. To their dis-

gust, the boys found they had for a roommate Mr. Ralph Dawley.

"For Heaven's sake keep that money close, Dick," said Ned, the night of their arrival.

"One might have thought Dawley had overheard, for he reeled in later and with a drunken whoop suggested, 'Open that pouch of yours and we'll paint the town red!'

"No money to buy the paint with," retorted Dick.

"Oh no? Who took five thousand dollars off that wrecked steamer Swan?"

"Ralph Dawley staggered away. In some way he must have found out about the money. They were all to leave by scow in the morning, and the boys had promised to call for Edith at the steamship office, where she shared the room of the stewardess. It was still dark at four when Ned and Dick dressed and started. Dawley's bed hadn't been slept in. They were passing the corner of a warehouse when two figures leaped from the shadows. Whack! Whack! Ned got one blow, Dick the other. Heavy clubs they were, too, wielded by no gentle hands. The wonder was the boys were not killed outright.

"When they came to, not only were their money-belts gone but the old pocket-book containing the five one thousand dollar bills. Edith and the Unknown were starting off to look for them as the scow, loaded to its utmost capacity with bags, boxes and barrels of provisions, and with Klondikers seated atop the load, swung at its mooring in the growing light. Before the girl and the detective got far, Ned and Dick appeared, both with bloody heads. But Dawley didn't show up at the landing. However, another scow was scheduled to leave at noon.

"Ned saw that their traps were safely on board. The run from this point to where the tug could go no further was something over a mile and then the scow had to be poled along through the shallows of the Lome Canal to the foot of the mountains. Five miles brought them to the end of this stage of the journey.

Here there was a little hut and a wharf. The place was deserted except for the agent of the scow owners whose business it was to see the arriving parties started on those terrible twenty miles over the mountains through the Chilkoot Pass.

"I'll bet anything it's going to snow," remarked the Unknown, for dark, threatening clouds were gathering over the lofty, snow-clad peaks which towered above them. There were mules to drag the load of freight up to the snow line in wagons, and here the goods were loaded onto sleds, which were to be pulled by the Klondikers themselves. Ned and Dick had provided themselves with a sled at Dyea and they found it waiting for them with their other effects on leaving the scow.

"As the Unknown had no baggage, he lent them a hand loading up and lashing on the cargo, which included a tent to be used until the boys could build a cabin. Everybody now dressed in their warmest clothing, for the wind was piercing cold, but as yet there was no recently fallen snow. What there was from past storms was ice-crusts.

"The ascent of the mountain began. For an hour it was easy pulling the sleds, though the temperature had dropped well below freezing and the wind beat pitilessly against them. But the short day was advancing and darkness set in as they progressed. All at once the dogs that were drawing some of the freight sleds set up a furious barking.

"'Look ahead!' cried the Unknown. 'Here she comes!'

"It was a thick mass of snow sweeping down between frowning rocky walls, which rose to a great height on either side. 'The storm at last,' said Ned Golden.

"All in an instant it enveloped t'hem. And such a storm! No Western blizzard could be compared with it. In a trice those ahead seemed to vanish. It was all Ned could do to see Dick Luckey alongside of him. As for Edith and the Unknown, walking behind the sled, they had completely disappeared. No one spoke; it was

impossible to make oneself heard.

"Ned bent his head and pushed bravely on. Their sled happened to be last in the procession. Ned saw no sign of the Relay House, a mere shelter where Klondikers thus overtaken by storms sometimes tied up for the night. Ned began to wonder if they had passed it. Still he knew the Pass was narrow and they were certain to come up with others if a halt had been made.

"The snow was rapidly getting deeper and the sled harder and harder to pull. 'How are you standing it, Dick?' he shouted. He got no answer and his hand went out and felt for Luckey. To his horror he found there was nobody beside him. He stopped, moved backward past the sled, and bumped into the Unknown.

"'Dick's not up front, he must have dropped along the way somewhere. How about Edith?'

"The Unknown, who, even at short range, resembled a walking snowman as much as anything, threw out both arms, reaching for Edith where she was supposed to be. But both Dick and Edith had vanished in the smother of blinding snow and the howl of the wind had drowned any outcry either might have made. Rover was gone, too, yet, being a Newfoundland, he was better able to travel in a blizzard than most dogs. For some reason, Ned thought of Ralph Dawley, whom he knew to have been in one of the parties ahead of him. Yes, Dawley—but no use looking for him here. Visibility was simply nil . . . "

It wasn't till Ned Golden and the Unknown had descended the other side of Chilkoot Pass that they got on the track of the missing members of their party; at least, a couple of Klondikers had seen two men, a girl and a big dog slogging along through the storm and apparently heading for a village of Haida Indians located in the foothills. These informants weren't certain, because of the blowing snow, but it looked as if one of the men had his arms bound at his back. Again Ned thought of Dawley; in the confusion of the storm he might

have been able to make prisoners of Dick and Edith, though why was a puzzle at the moment. The "big dog" was added identification—that would be Rover.

At the foot of the Chilkoot Pass, Ned and the Unknown separated to hunt for the party of three and the Newfoundland. Following the clue given by the gold-seekers on the trail, both headed in the general direction of the Haida village. Ned was pleased to discover sets of footprints which included those of a dog before he had gone a mile. He must be on the right track—the majority of the Klondikers held to the main trail and these footprints were the only ones in the new-fallen snow. It was a gray morning, as if more snow might be on the way.

It wasn't snowing when he parted from the Unknown, but "all at once a blast struck him which might have come from the North Pole. It brought the snow with it. In a few minutes after the storm hit, Ned found himself in a blinding whirl of snowflakes, big feathery ones. He bent his head to the wind and staggered up a hill. When he gained the summit he heard Rover barking, the sound flattened by the elements, but he could see nothing of the Indian town in the shifting veil of white.

"He got to the bottom of the hill and suddenly ran into a tree he hadn't seen. The shock nearly stunned him. As he drew back, he saw that he had come among a clump of trees, and there was a log cabin in front of him. The door was open and Ned staggered inside, intending to rest a moment and get his breath. As he crossed the threshold he stumbled over something which broke into pieces with a rattling sound. He glanced down. On the floor lay a human skeleton or the remains of one; the whitened skull with its eyeless sockets rolled along the sloping floor and struck Ned's foot.

"At the same instant came the dull thud of a shot, and following it, Ned heard Edith's voice crying through the storm:

"I think that stopped them, Dick.

Where's that cabin?"

"Golden bounded out of the log hut, whipping out his revolver and firing in the air. 'Edith! Edith!' he shouted. 'Here I am! It's Ned!'

"'Lend me a hand, Ned,' came the answer. 'Poor Dick is almost gone.'

"It was Edith Welton, sure enough, and she was supporting Dick with one arm, waving a rifle in the other. There were shadowy figures behind the pair. Dick's head hung over to one side and he would have fallen if the girl hadn't held him up.

"'Look out, Ned,' she called again. 'Dawley is right behind us with four Indians.'

"Evidently their pursuers had shot Rover for the dog wasn't heard from as Ned helped them toward the cabin, keeping an eye over his shoulder on the trailing figures. Dawley burst through the snowy screen, with Indians in fur parkas at his heels. He raised a six-shooter as he spied Ned. Three shots banged out. Ned had fired, Dawley had fired, and the third marksman was dimly visible at the edge of the tree clump. He wore a tall, snow-crowned hat—it was the Unknown; and his revolver and Ned's continued barking after Dawley sprawled his length in the snow and lay still. The volleying revolvers drove the Haida redskins back into the misty veil of the storm."

It was a happy reunion in the cabin, with the door shut against snow and wind, despite Dick Luckey's head, battered by a rifle butt when he and Edith and Rover had broken away from the Haida village. Dawley, who had had his eye on Edith from their first meeting, had taken her by surprise in the storm in Chilkoot Pass, and he had pushed Dick ahead of him, a gun in his back, when, with the girl, he collided with Luckey. He intended using Luckey to force the girl to his terms, knowing she liked both Dick and Ned.

The girl played it smart, believing Dawley had Luckey's five thousand, and made him disgorge it at the point of Dawley's own rifle. She had told Dawley she'd consider marrying him

if he had all the money he boasted of—only she'd have to see it to be sure he wasn't lying! Dawley had fled to the Haida village for temporary safety, knowing the Klondikers would lynch him if they knew what he was up to.

Apparently the Haida Indians had given up the idea of attacking the reunited friends and the latter turned their attention to the dismembered skeleton. A folded paper had dropped out of the ragged garments which had partly clothed it. Ned tore open the paper, which was stuck together, and read words written ten years before by the date-line:

"I'm dying. My name is Peter Proudfit. The gold is in the chimney. I've been sick now for two months and not able to get my canoe up over the rapids. Whoever finds this may have my gold. I mined it up on the Klondike river and there is lots more where it—"

"The poor guy died before he could finish his letter," exclaimed Ned.

"There's the chimney, Ned," said Edith quietly. "The skeleton's legacy may be worth having. You were here first—it's yours."

"Ned ran his hand up the rude chimney. 'Something here, sure!' He drew out a rotting canvas bag which was so heavy he almost let it fall.

"Gold!" cried Dick. "Who's the lucky one now!"

"Sure enough, the bag was full of gold dust. 'How much do you think it weighs?' Ned said.

"Dick balanced the sack in his hand. 'I should say at least ten pounds, Ned.'

"All of that."

"Call it twenty dollars an ounce, troy, which is a little more than it's actually worth."

"And sixteen ounces to the pound! Phew! A fortune!"

"You're off on your tables," Dick laughed. "Twelve ounces goes for a pound troy weight."

"So? Well, that cuts it down. Twelve times ten is—"

"One hundred and twenty ounces at twenty dallars," Edith broke in.

"Not so much of a fortune, Ned. I'd give my share to have poor Rover here now."

"It's twenty-four hundred dollars all the same," said Ned. "I'm satisfied it will give us a bully good start in the Klondike, if we ever get there."

The End

NEWS NOTE

For the third time in the last seven years, George Gloss, proprietor of the Brattle Book Shop has been forced to move to make room for the building of the "New Boston." Each time he gave away most of his stock. Long lines of bibliophiles waited outside his store to gain entrance. He allowed them 15 minutes to select as many as they could carry out. Over 100,000 books were given away on July 31. I wish I could have been first in line and had knowledge of where his dime novel stock was kept.

WANTED

Secret Service, Chinatown stories
Liberty Boys of '76, Nos. 650 to 700

Douglas R. Warner
Kings Road, White Hall, Md. 21161

WANTED

NICK CARTER NOVELS

Hyman Edelman
350 Cabrini Blvd.
New York, N. Y. 10040

FOR SALE

Harper's Bound Monthly. All over 80 years old. \$2.50 per volume plus mailing cost.

Eli A. Messier
Box 1122, Woonsocket, R. I. 02895

FOR SALE

Liberty Boys, Work & Win, Tip Top, Secret Service, Pluck & Luck, Merriwell Series, Snaps, Medal Library, and others. Early and later issues. Send want list.

Guinon

Box 214, Little Rock, Ark. 72203

THE BOOK I HAD THE HARDEST TIME FINDING

By Jack R. Schorr

Some time ago I thought it would be interesting to find out which boys' books some of the collectors had the most difficult time finding. I wrote them inquiries and here are some of the responses.

One of the foremost of boys' book collectors and author of "Bibliography of Hard Cover Boys' Books," Harry Hudson of Clearwater, Florida, said that "his nomination for the most scarce was 'The Ben Lightbody Series' by Walter Benham, a 2 volume set." He says, "I have never seen one and don't know of anyone that has either of the books." He says that "Ocean Wireless Boys and the Lost Liner" and "Radio Boys to the Rescue" eluded him for a long time, but he finally obtained them.

Mr. Everett L. Cline of Denver, Colorado, a collector of many years, says that among his Henty Collection "All But Lost" was a most difficult one to obtain. In his other books, he cites that he has been looking for "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" by Clarence Buddington Kelland for four years, but to no avail. Of further interest, Mr. Cline said that a number of years ago, he was offered, by G. A. Henty, "The March to Cumasie" and "The March to Magdala" for \$75 each, but declined them, as they were not novels, but history. They were sold at that price to the Huntington Library in Pasadena, Calif.

Bob Chenu, of Merrick, Long Island, an avid collector with many fine books and an office in "The Leo Edwards Club," says that "I am a real Leo Edwards fan, as you know, and the hardest one of his to find is 'Andy Blake in Advertising,' which was published under his own name of Edward Edson Lee before he adopted the Leo Edwards pen name. It was published by Appleton in 1922 and only 1,165 copies were printed and sold. While it isn't a greatly sought-after book by anyone except Leo Edward fans, it is a very hard one to locate, and I consider it

to be a real prize to me, as it is the missing link in Edwards' books that is hardest to find."

Bob goes on to say that "the one hardest to find for anybody, would be the one he wants most and has trouble locating."

Mr. J. P. Guinon of Little Rock, Arkansas, one of the foremost collectors of dime novels, especially "Tip Tops," says, "It took me ten years and plenty of money to find an acceptable copy of No. 14 of Tip Top Library."

Mr. M. E. Owen of Norwich, Connecticut, who has many fine boys' books, and a knowledgeable collector, says, "Radio Boys to the Rescue" was one of the toughest to find."

Mr. Leo Moore of Huntington Beach, California, who is one of the largest collectors on the west coast, and whose books are in beautiful condition, told me several times that "Crossed Signals" by Burt L. Standish was most difficult to find.

Mr. Al Vogt of Monterey Park, California, who is also among the largest collectors on the west coast, and who has many, many rare boys' books in excellent condition, mentioned to me that "Boy Scouts Mysterious Signal" and "Boy Scouts Under the Kaiser" by Ralphson were among those most difficult to find. In his extensive Alger Collection, "Victor Vane" was one that you don't see very often, if at all.

I won't have the audacity to add my experience to those of these "pros," having but a small collection of my own, but I will close by saying that I am still looking for "Crossed Signals" and "Radio Boys to the Rescue."

The End

Back numbers Reckless Ralph's Dime Novel Roundup, Nos. 1 to 237, some reprints, 12 for \$1.00 or all for \$21. Sent postpaid. You also get Dime Novel Catalogue, Birthday No. 2, indexes, #1 Pioneer and Scouts of the West.

Can you beat it?

Ralph F. Cummings

161 Pleasant St.

So. Grafton, Mass. 01560

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dr. Mr. LeBlanc: Enclosed please find my check for three dollars to renew my subscription to your excellent publication. I enjoy it very much especially the Anatomy of Dime Novels Series. As an avid enthusiast of vintage autos and Art Editor of an antique auto club magazine I know the time and effort needed to put out a quality publication. I am in college and relatively new to collecting dime and nickel novels and have decided to concentrate my efforts on "SECRET SERVICE" weekly that featured Old and Young King Brady. Well keep up the good work, the Dime Novel Roundup is just great.—Walter Gosden, Floral Park, N. Y. (Why not specialize in dime novels depicting vintage cars on the cover?)

Dear Ed: The great Horatio Alger, Jr., will gain a foothold on Broadway this coming December. TATTERED TOM, a 19th century musical based on a Horatio Alger story about a female Bowery Street sweep. Another item in our category: Twen-

tieth-Century Fox will produce a TOM SWIFT next year. Have not given up my idea for a subway circuit dime novel convention. On Saturday July 5, 1969 a convention was held at a prominent New York hotel of collectors and dealers in comic books. T. V. news coverage. Comic books from 1938 to the late 40's, Batman #1 sold for \$200. Other action comics sold for up to \$300. How about our organization with 300 members and lots of new blood, we should be able to get some action?—Edward J. McNabb, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Sounds like a good idea. Anyone in the New York area care to help Mr. McNabb along?)

FOR SALE

James Boys Weekly Nos. 106 128 130 127 135 at \$4.00 each. Have S&S Alger Series, (Optic stories), Adventure Library, Round the World Library, Brave and Bold, Old Sleuth Weekly, write for lists and prices.

George Sahr

7001 31st Ave., Kenosha, Wis. 53140

WANTED

The Young Land-Lubber; or, Prince Porter's First Cruise. A Story of Three Bold Boys in the Frozen North, by C. Dunning Clark.

Published by Beadle in Beadles Boys Library (large size) No. 42 Beadles Boys Library (small size) No. 51 and Beadles Pocket Library No. 424.

The Flyaway Afloat; or, Yankee Boys' Round the World, by C. Dunning Clark.

Published by Beadle in Beadles Boys Library (large size) No. 8 and Beadles Boys Library (small size) No. 102.

Please quote price and condition.

Mrs. Helen P. Hoyt

1434 Punahou Street, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

258. Paul T. Jung, 256-B Holly Court, Woodbury Heights, N. J. 08097 (new address)
 156. Willard D. Thompson, Box 1741, Portland, Ore. 97207 (New address)
 219. Stephen Press, RD #2, Montoursville, Pa. 17754 (New address)
 310. Hyman Edelman, 350 Cabrini Blvd., New York, N. Y. 10040 (New mem.)
 80. George J. Gloss, Brattle Book Shop, 5 West Street, Boston, Mass. 02103 (New address).

NEWSY NEWS

By Ralph F. Cummings

September is here and winter is around the corner. How we all dread it, guess we'll all have to fly down to old Florida, down where the Don Learnards, Harry Hudsons, John Fosters, the McDowells, Bill Claggett, and Mrs. Alla T. Ford are, if we want to escape the snow, ice and cold weather.

Gus Krause, 2202 Bennett Avenue, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37404, writes me that in Tip Top Weekly #505, Dec. 16th, 1905, page 27, that he had a parody in it when he was 13 years old. I have said Tip Top #505 before me, and here it is, as I copy it from that page.

Long Live Burt Standish, the Great

Sing a song of Tip Top

A paper full of fun:

Two and thirty pages—

Read them every one.

The King was in the palace

Reading Tip Top through:

The Queen was in her parlor

Reading Tip Top too.

The maid was in the garden

With Tip Top in her hand;

It cost them but five cents a week

They buy at the stand.

You have made a clever parody of the old nursery rhyme, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," and aptly fitted your ideas of Tip Top to its meter. And just think, Mr. Krause is alive today, and he writes to me to look it up, and there it is. Thanks a lot, for letting me know about the parody you wrote when you were 13—that's 63 years ago, just think of it. How many more friends of the old Tip Tops are there, and their articles, parodies and what-not, that would like to write in to me about it?

ITEMS WANTED

Any post cards of American authors
 Any Santa Claus post cards
 Camp Fires on the Scioto by Charles S. Wood
 Christmas at Big Moose Falls by Charles S. Wood
 Roy B. Van Devier
 173 Paris Ave., Akron, Ohio 44301

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

Date of filing: Sept. 5, 1969

Title of Publication:

Dime Novel Roundup

Issued monthly.

Office of Publication: 821 Vermont St., Lawrence, Douglas County, Kansas 66044

General Business Offices:

87 School Street, Fall River, Mass. 02720

Publisher:

Edward T. LeBlanc, 87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720

Editor:

Edward T. LeBlanc, 87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720

Managing Editor:

Edward T. LeBlanc, 87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720

Owner:

Edward T. LeBlanc, 87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720

Bondholders, Mortgagees, or Security Holders: None

	Avg. No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
Total no. copies printed	500	500
Sales thru dealers, etc.	0	0
Mail subscriptions	296	302
Total paid circulation	296	302
Free distribution	20	100
Total distribution	316	402
Office use, left over, etc.	184	98
Total	500	500

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Edward T. LeBlanc

TIP TOP WEEKLY

The original of the famous Merriwell stories

Very good to excellent condition. Some have minor mending, \$1.25 each. #286 289 333 344 379 383 384 398 421 459 463 466 471 482 492 497 501 503 506 515 528 532 533 537 543 544 546 548 555 561 562 563 565 570 587 588 589 591 596 601 603 609 611 612 614 618 624 625 632 633 635 637 638 639 640 644 648 649 650 651 652 654 655 656 659 663 664 668 671 678 680 681 682 683 685 686 690 695 697 698 712 723 726 731 748 751 759 760 767 776 786 801 810 812 813 822 823

Good condition, cover bright. Some have been mended. Some have back spine slightly rolled. \$1.00 each. 282 283 303 308 312 320 329 331 332 335 336 337 353 356 357 361 366 370 372 373 374 382 385 386 388 391 395 402 403 406 408 409 411 412 416 424 430 431 434 435 440 441 443 444 445 450 452 460 461 462 465 468 469 470 472 473 478 481 483 484 486 487 488 490 491 493 494 499 502 504 507 509 512 513 514 516 517 518 519 521 522 524 525 529 530 531 536 545 547 549 551 552 553 554 557 559 560 564 567 571 572 575 576 577 580 582 584 586 590 594 597 598 599 600 602 604 608 610 615 616 617 620 623 641 642 643 645 647 653 658 660 674 676 691 696 700 701 702 703 706 707 709 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 725 727 728 734 735 736 737 745 746 747 752 754 757 764 765 766 769 770 772 773 774 775 777 778 779 781 784 787 788 790 791 792 793 794 795 799 800 802 805 806 807 808 811 817

Fair condition, covers may be loose, rubber stamped on cover in some cases, and other minor defects, but in collectible condition. 75c each. 280 293 295 296 301 305 309 311 322 323 324 325 326 327 340 341 343 348 349 350 351 358 359 360 401 407 410 419 428 429 437 442 453 489 495 500 520 566 574 576 579 607 621 628 636 646 661 665 669 670 672 673 677 694 699 710 729 730 732 739 753 755 756 758 761 762 763 768 783 789 796 797 803 816 818 820 821

Poor condition, but complete with front cover, 40c each. 292 306 413 422 449 467 485 540 556 568 569 573 581 593 619 622 629 631 634 662 666 675 679 708 721 722 749 771 782 804 824

Post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

20% discount on all orders over \$10.00.

EDWARD T. LeBLANC

87 School Street, Fall River, Mass. 02720